

Bethws-y-coed
North Wales.
Sept. 25th 1889

My home treasures.

Just look at that date, & see how small a portion of September is left. One week from today, & every grumble, will be one grumble nearer home. Horschepfen, 'be sure & have some good coffee for breakfast Sunday morning Oct 13th, for after two weeks starvation, I can be depended upon to arrive hungry & thirsty, and they have given us nothing but chickory mornings ever since we landed. We came up here among the dear mountains, on Monday, & though it has according to sample rained nearly the whole time, we have managed to put in a few glorious memories to tint the future bright coloured. The distant mountains are an exquisite grey.

with the clouds mercifully
wrapping their heads from the
inclemency of the weather.
They reminded me of that mistaken
kindness which is so funny, that
it wearies instead of cheers,
one cannot in this case pre-
vent the reflection that if they
would absent themselves, it
might not be so inclement
certainly not so wet.

We walked nearly ten miles
yesterday, besides a stage
coach ride, and six miles by
carriage; saw many interesting
things, an old Roman bridge,
a wonderful grist mill,
turned by the little mountain
stream which tumbles head
on heels down the rockiest
magical river bed I ever saw.
The water falls, & fairy glen,
are known & loved the world
over. We feasted our eyes on
them with enthusiasm.
To day instead of going on to
Matlock as we intended,

we have stayed on to take
a coach ride to Bedgellert
where I shall at last see, & per-
haps touch with my longing
feet the beautiful Snowdon
peak, which I have longed
& hoped to do for sixteen years.
The great secret of life is to wait,
God is so good to me, that
sooner or later my desires
all come to pass. I think
this is a principle so much wanted
that if we guide our life bark
aright, so as to sail safely into
port when the voyage is over,
all our ungratified ambitions
which are pure & unselfish
will be realized.

We made some quite warm
friends during our few days
stay at St Asaph. It was almost
too soon away. The O.C.
carried as usual all before
him. The ride here was grand
needing only sunshine to be
perfect. I think Ernest is en-
joying Wales as much as I am

though he didn't want to come
I trust school is going on
calmly & things settling down
from the demoralization of
vacation. I am afraid
winter is lasting so long I
shall never be glad for
anything but to be idle again.
That was a terrible blow about
the cistern & poor Dorcas.

Give her my kind love and
tell her when I come home I
shall have to make her work
harder, and then she won't
have time for such nonsense
as neuralgia. I do hope dear
Mamma you will keep well
this is your good time of year you
know when we expect you to
fat up & be hearty. I ~~dreamed~~
dreamed last night you had
grown tired of Oak Park & us and
gone back housekeeping to that
blessed Fulton St. Ch! horrors.
Now Mamma old darling how do you
stand it? I expect fully to find
the last scrap of flesh worried off
you from bones, with the family
anxieties no old Bess ought to be
expected to endure. Never mind

I will fat you up with
nice little stories about
'round Kingdon in no time
when I get home. How's the
bommi beddie? I long to
hear her voice we have
had no music to speak
of since leaving Matlock
just a little at Redman.
I had a sweet letter from
Cousin Army last week.
Now good bye Tenderest
love & kisses to every body,
from The Mother of you all.